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MORK and MINDY

AUGUST 1979

No. 161

60¢

SLURP!

SEVERIN

... AND DIFF'RENT STROKES' — Gary Coleman!

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ATTENTION

IN THE INTEREST OF FAIR PLAY AND TO SHOW YOU THAT WE REALIZE THERE IS

CRACKED®

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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AUGUST 1979 No. 161

WHAT'S UP FRONT OUR COVER

Well Sylvester, we like the company you keep. Do you know you're sitting with the two hottest comedians on TV? Oh, that's why you bought them ice cream sodas . . . to cool them off! Hey Syl, you're nuts!!

ATTENTION

IN THE INTEREST OF FAIR PLAY AND TO SHOW YOU THAT WE REALIZE THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT, WE HAVE CONVENIENTLY PROVIDED A BOX FOR YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND YOUR COMPLAINTS.

LETTUCE from our Readers

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,
How did the I.Q. KING ever end up in CRACKED? It was my understanding that most of the people who read your magazine don't even have an idea what I.Q. stands for.

Gregory Molnar
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Greg,
Shhhhh! Most still think it stands for what we get in the mail every month—Idiotic Questions!

Dear CRACKED,
How do you decide which page goes where in CRACKED?

Colleen Harris
State College, Pa.

Dear Colleen,
Very scientifically! If one page is numbered 4, we've gotten into the habit of following it with one numbered 5, which is followed by 6 etc. . . .

Dear CRACKED,
Is it true that CRACKED is running a contest?

Murray Schiffers
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Murray,
Sort of. Only as a change of pace, we thought that for every fabulous cash prize a reader sent us, we'd send back an easy to enter contest coupon.

Dear CRACKED,
I

Editor's Note: **We accidentally spilled coffee on this letter and smeared what you don't see. However, we felt that we shouldn't penalize it's author by not printing it because of our dumb mistake. Hope you recognize your letter whoever you are!!**

Dear CRACKED,
Do you accept contributions from readers?

David Manganello
Gallatin, Tenn.

Dear David,
Sure do. Just send your unwanted 10's and 20's to the address printed at the top of the page.

Dear CRACKED,
After seeing the movie SUPERMAN and then reading SUPEDUPMAN, I find the CRACKED version far superior.

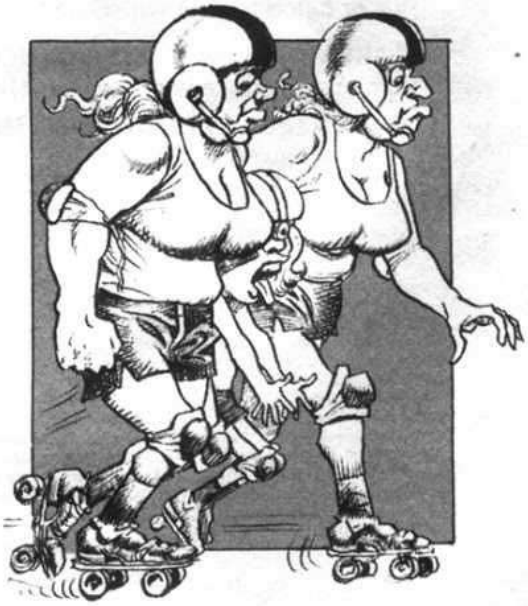
Julie Fomroy
Westville, N.J.

Dear Julie,
And, we bet, $3.40 cheaper!

Dear CRACKED,
THE CRACKED GUIDE TO ROLLER SKATING was **wheelly** great! I felt that it **rolled** right along and that the **key** to it's success was it's first class humor. What made it even funnier was that right now, THIS is the #1 sport in L.A.

John Packwood
Los Angeles, Ca.

Dear John,
No kidding?! Around here the #1 sport is toad tossing. Watch for our guide on this in a future issue.



CRACKED is thinking if a rooster crows, then a crow roosters!

CRACKED is buying an alarm clock for a rooster!

Dear CRACKED,
Thanks to your CRACKED EXPLANATION OF AIRLINE FARES, I now know exactly what to look for the next time I travel—a good cheap bus!

Barry Arnold
Coram, N.Y.

Dear Barry,
Just make sure if you're going to Europe that the bus is water-tight.

Dear CRACKED,
I am 13 years old and have been reading your great humor magazines for the past 2 years. I enjoy the artwork of your mag very much. Back in 1968, when my brother Tim was my age, he wrote a letter and drew a picture of Sylvester P. Smythe which you entered in your magazine. Could you please publish the picture that I drew of Sylvester in your next issue?

Anthony Burgos
Coon Rapids, Minn.

Dear Anthony,
Here it is! We're always glad to see a whole family of CRACKED readers!

Dear CRACKED,
Your LYIN' BEAT article was the greatest! But is it true about Kristy McNichol and Walter Cronkite?

Robin Hedgewood
Rome, N.Y.

Dear Robin,
No, it's not true! It's just a nasty rumor Sylvester spread when Kristy turned him down for a date last month.

Dear CRACKED,
I am an avid movie goer. I see on the average of two and a half movies a week. Needless to say, I've seen a bunch of bombs! I'm tired of leaving the theaters disappointed with the feeling I've been ripped-off! I'm also an avid CRACKED reader and haven't missed an issue in 4 years. You guys are so much more creative than most of the movie industry. Why haven't you done a full length movie yet? It would be a sure box-office smash!!

Todd Boswell
Stocton, Ca.

Dear Todd,
Thanks for the faith! You know, we think you're right!! Maybe we should do a movie. What do you readers think?

Dear CRACKED,
I'm on vacation here in Sweden and am having a great time. I just thought I'd drop you a line and let you know.

Brenda Haskel
Stockholm, Sweden

Dear Brenda,
Gee, thanks a lot!

Dear Sirs,
This letter represents your last warning! You are two (2) months delinquent in payment of your electric bill. If we do not receive payment in ten (10) working days your power will be turned off. This is your final warning!

***(Printer:* Please take out this letter. It was accidentally placed in the wrong box. —Editor)**

***(Editor:* No problem; I'll take it out tomorrow. —Printer)**

FRIENDS OF CRACKED

Hellooo, Professor C.W. Peppersnuce here for CRACKED magazine. As you can see, my moustache surrounds the names of those persons who received CRACKED at their homes. I find this the only decent way of obtaining a publication. Fill out the coupon below and send it, along with $5.40, and not only will you be a subscriber to this literary atrocity but we'll add your name to the list to prove it!!

CRACKED SUBSCRIPTIONS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's my FIVE DOLLARS & FORTY CENTS. Please put me on your subscription list real fast. I want lots of large laughs?

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE..... ZIP .....

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NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #162
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
JUNE 5TH

A couple of issues back, we did a satire on the #1 show of the TV season and the mail still hasn't stopped, begging us to do another installment. Well, usually we're a whole lot smarter than to listen to what you, our readers, want, but what the heck! So, here now, by popular demand ...

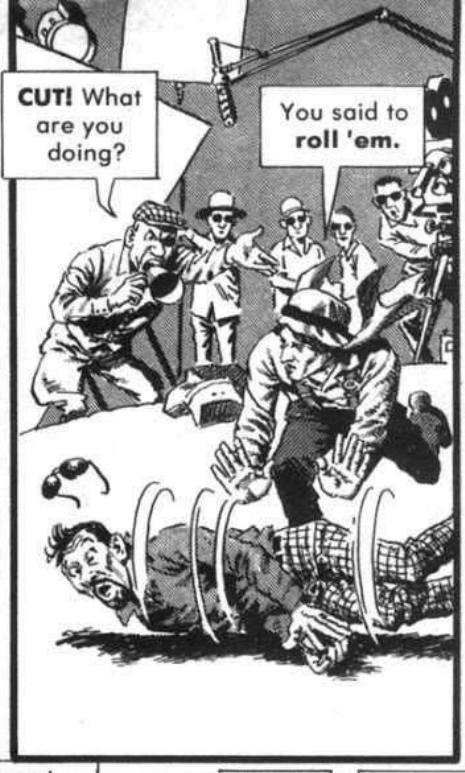
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MORK AND MINDY

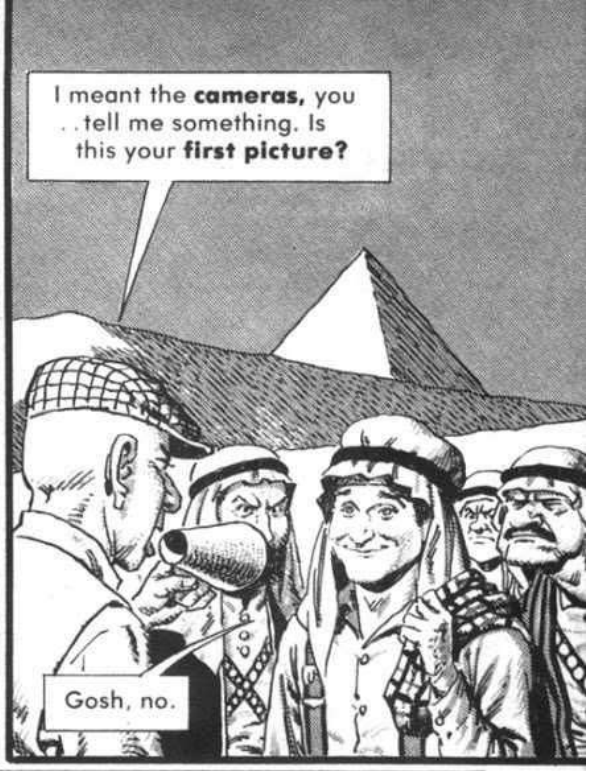
Excuse ma'am. I've looked through all the **record bins** and was wondering if you had **Billy Joel** in **back?**
Son, if I **did,** do you think I'd be **standing** out here with you?!!
THANK YOU—CALL AGAIN
Mindy!
Nanu. Nanu. Mrs. Sudson, did you hear? Mindy and I are going to **California!**
Wonderful! Are you going to **hit Frisco** while you're there?
Only if he throws the **first** punch.
OK, let's get it **over** with. I'm here for my **music lesson.**
Hey, my **main munchkin.** It seems like you have a **music lesson** every **fifteen minutes.**
What do you think **keeps** this **store** on it's **feet?—ME,** learning how to play **THIS!**
Why anyone would **fork over $4** an hour to **learn** how to **play** a **case** is beyond me!
Hey, did you hear? Mindy and I are going to **California!!**
Wow! I hear the **chicks** out there are **dynamite!**
California girls are loaded with **TNT?**
Just **kiss** one and you'll find out.
Right arm! Gravy!
That's right **on! Groovy!**
CRACKED is a one way yo-yo!
The **two** of you have a really **nice time** and if you get a chance, **drop** me a **line.**
Why wait 'til we're **out there,** Pops?
THWAK!
Thanks, Mork.
Well, here we are at the **airport.** First thing we have to do is **check** the **bags.**
Got'cha!
LOST

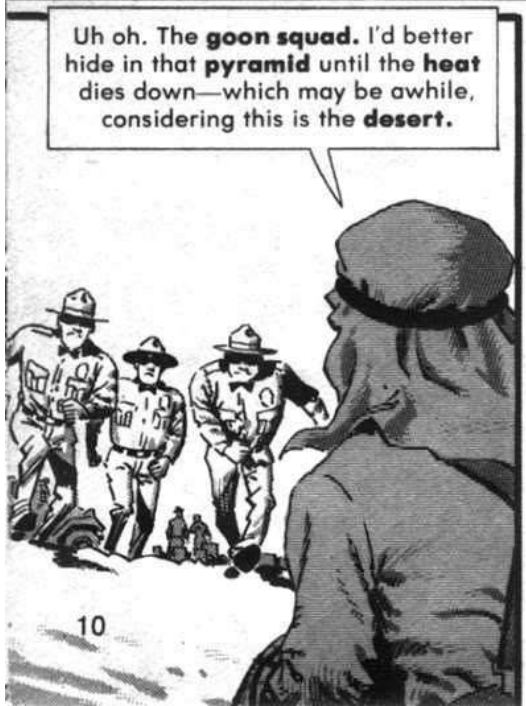
CRACKED is luring a vampire to a butcher shop so you can drive a steak through his heart!

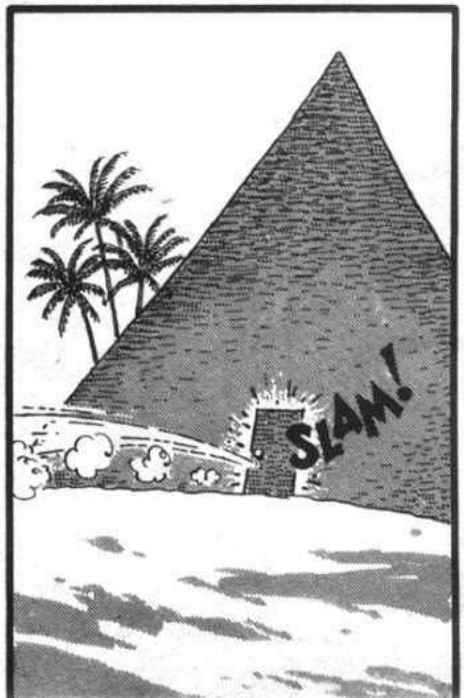
CRACKED is posing for a 'Before' and an 'After' picture at the same time!

CRACKED is being an atheist who won't visit St. Louis!

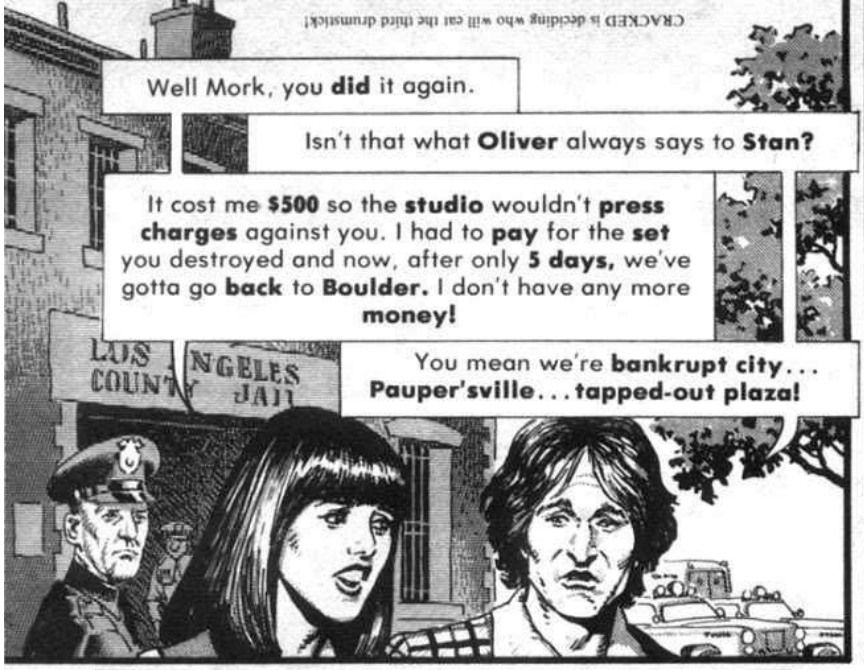


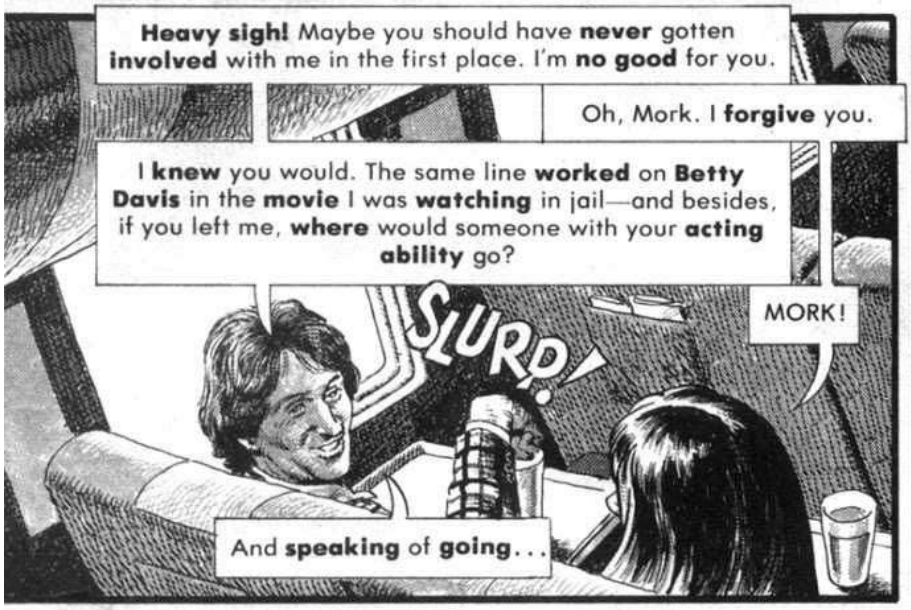


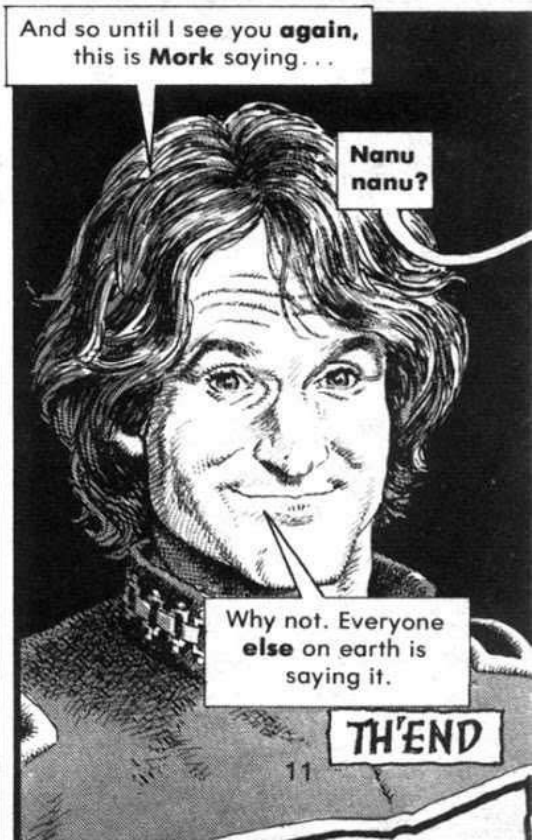




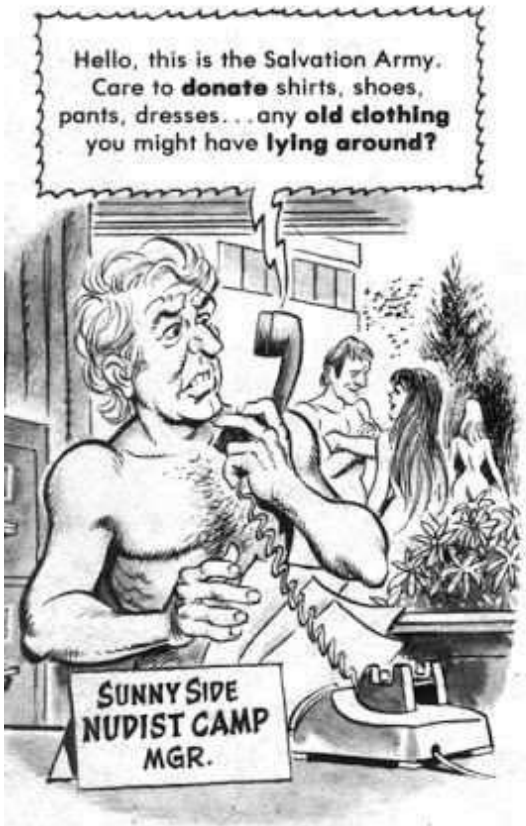
CRACKED is declining who will eat the third drumstick!







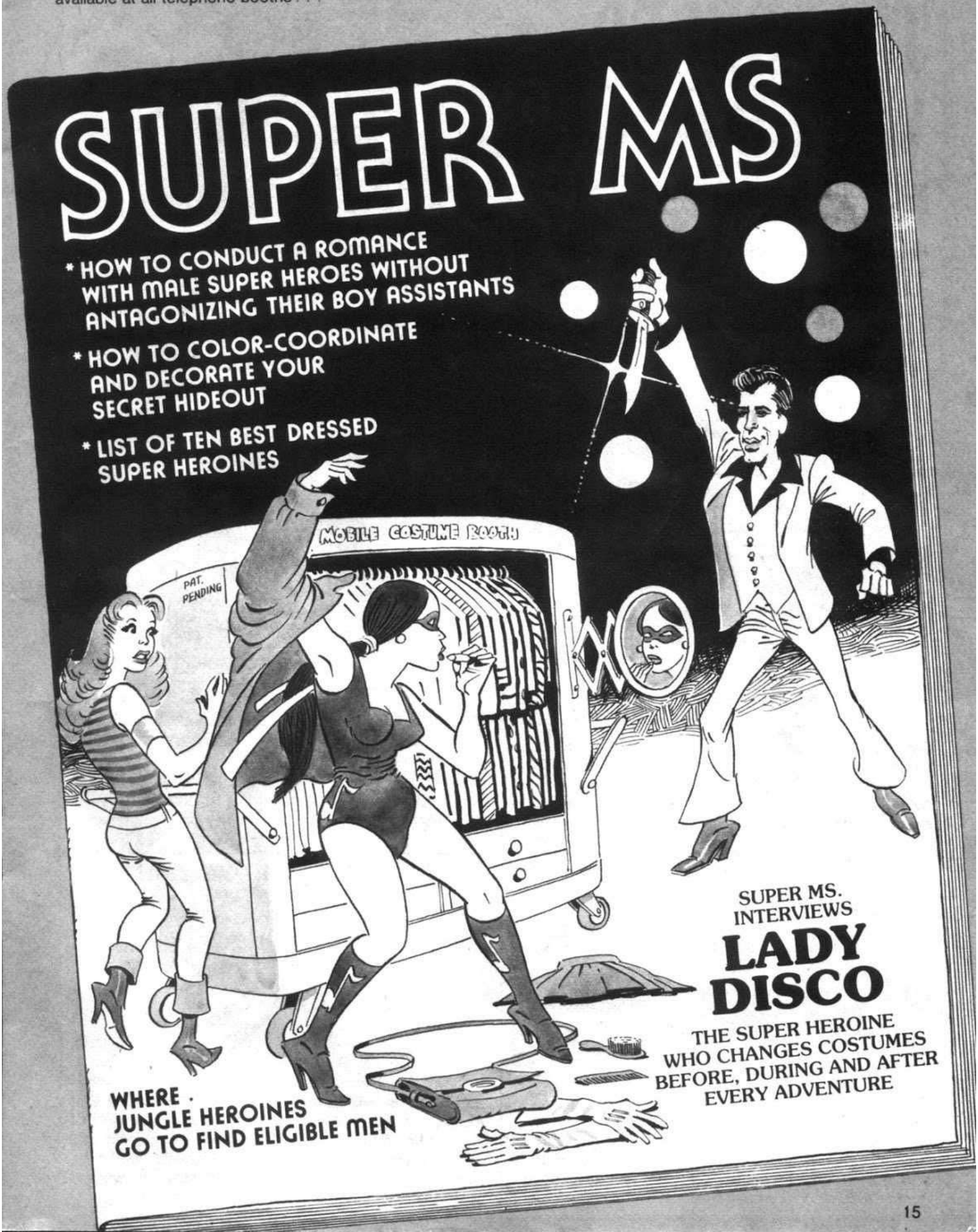
LAST WORDS BEFO



RE THE HANG-UP

Mr. Travolta? **If** you qualify, we'd like to hire you to give **disco dancing lessons!** We pay our instructors a **maximum** of **five** dollars per hour!
Farrah, sweetheart! J.B. here with a brand new production under way! We're remaking "**The Bride of Frankenstein**," and we'd like you to play the **title role**...just the **thing** for your **image**, don't you think?
Dean? Jerry Lewis here! My career is going **nowhere**...how about you and me teaming up again for old times' sake?
I ain't sure I got the name right, but you're...er...Jean? **Jean Fonda, right?** Listen, Jeannie...The **John Birch Society** is looking for new members! The dues are low, and you do your bit of **clearing away** the "**undesirables**," like a good patriot! So how about joining up, little lady?
Hi, Woody! I'm a professional gag writer and I wanna work with **you!** Just listen ..."A stranger came up to me and said he hadn't had a **bite** in three days...so I **bit** him!" And listen to this gem: "Take my **wife...PLEASE**!" Good, huh? And that's not **all**...
Jackie O? How ya doin', babe? You don't know me, but I'm **Max**...I drove you home one night in my **cab.** Howzabout you and me get it on tonight, huh sugar? Lemme come over—there's a big game on TV, and I'll **even bring** the **beer!**
Mr. President? This is "Playboy Magazine!" Can we do **another** interview?
Hey—am I speaking to Lou Ferrigno, who plays the HULK? I **saw** the way you looked at my girl when she asked for your autograph...do that **again** and lemme **TELL** you about all the **pain** you'll be in for!! Better **hear me out, pipsqueak**...if you hang up on me, I'm gonna come right over and use your **body** for a **punching bag!!**
Sururi GUMEN

More and more magazines are being printed for specialized audiences. The latest one to hit the newsstands is also available at all telephone booths . . .



THIS SUPER WORLD OF OURS

SUPER HAPPENINGS WITH THE SMART SUPER SET

Kudo's to **Dynamic Doll** for giving Mount Rushmore some feminine representation. With a few, quick smashes of her artistic knuckles she changed a macho landmark into one befitting these liberated times. (From left to right the new additions are: Martha Washington, Dolly Madison, and "Juggernaut Jane" Fonda.)

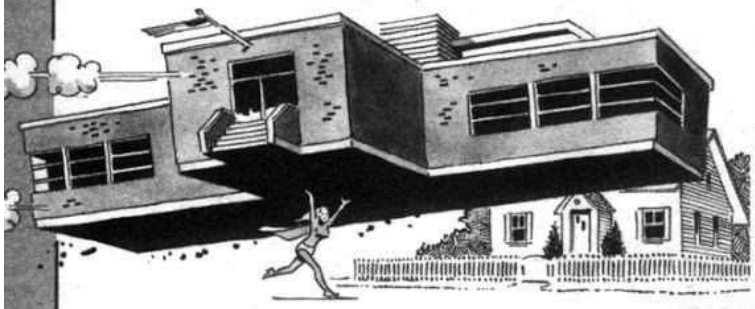
Captain Chartreuse has shown the women of America that they no longer have to put up with being TV football widows. Faced with the same problem in her own home, she zoomed out to the game and personally put an end to the stupid event.

SUPER COUPLE OF THE MONTH

Pink Lightning and **Iron Condor**, superdom's latest couple to tie the matrimonial knot, are shown carrying each other over the threshold.

The couple expect to take on assignments that are too difficult for one superhero—like handling the ABC switchboard after Howard Cosell has been on the air.

SUPER MS. OF THE MONTH



VALLEY JUNIOR HIGH

Congrats to **Super Orchid** for solving her community's school busing problem. She did away with the controversial buses by personally carrying various schools from one community to another.

HOLOCAUST HITS CLEVELAND

Everyone is still talking about the battle royal that destroyed half of Cleveland. Two distaff members of superdom, **Azure Queen** and **Super Coleen**, showed up at a fund-raising rally wearing identical costumes. Reports have it that the fur really flew, as well as everything else in town that wasn't nailed down!!

THIS MONTH'S HOROSCOPE

By Lee Bra

AQUARIUS (January 21 — February 19)
Sidestep emergency missions involving cyclones, earthquakes, floods, etc. These minor nuisances drain your energy and keep you from focusing on the important goal in your life, mainly, getting your present boyfriend to the altar.

PISCES (February 20 — March 20)
Cement a better relationship with our President with a friendly gesture. Get on his good side by putting down a Commie rebellion or getting OPEC to hold down the price of oil. Or, if you're feeling up to a super toughie, try straightening out the fiscal mess in New York.

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)
Have a happy time with a loved one this evening, but be careful not to let your emotions run wild. You could accidentally crack his rib cage.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21)
Mercury, Saturn, and Mars are out of alignment with your birth sign. Do not panic. Orbit yourself into outer space, and personally shift these silly planets back in alignment.

(continued on page 138)

SUPER BEAUTY TIPS

Is poor posture ruining your svelte super figure? Here's an easy but effective way to improve your posture. In your spare time, walk around balancing a two-ton safe on your head. You'll be amazed at the results of this simple exercise.

YOUR SUPER BOD

By Kay Amazanka, M.D.
A.K.A. The Pink Shield

Q: Lately, my eyes have been bloodshot for no apparent reason. I don't fight messy fires, and it's been ages since I've rescued subs from polluted waters. What can be causing this annoying condition?

A: In nine out of ten cases like yours, the subject, without being aware of it, is straining her x-ray vision through excessive use. Almost unconsciously, you may be using your x-ray vision for purposes like reading your neighbor's mail while it is still in the mailbox; checking out the contents of your boyfriend's wallet; taking occasional peeks at the local YMCA, etc. Relief can be obtained by focusing your eyes on something dull and relaxful—like the Congressional record.

(continued on page 97)

TELL THELMA

Dear Thelma:
I like to play footsies with my male escorts. Unfortunately, to date I've incurred seven law suits for broken shin bones! Must I inhibit my romantic ways?
Blazing S.

Dear Blazing S:
My suggestion to you is to confine your dating to hockey goalies, and make sure you tell them to wear their well-padded shin guards at all times!

(continued on page 57)

BASHIN' FASHION

The Fushia Bolt models the newest Cardin creation, an elegant understated super uniform for super heroines who expect to be employed by conservative institutions.

"Here in Washington nobody takes anyone in short skirts seriously," says sartorial sage Fuchsia Bolt. "If you want to raise your profit line, you've got to raise your hem line!"

The **Turquoise Terror** demonstrates the new all-purpose jumpsuit that's chic enough for evening wear and practical enough for thwarting bank robberies.

This mechanic's-type jumpsuit in classic poplin has already gotten the Turquoise Terror two dates, three marriage proposals, and twenty-three requests to repair automobiles.

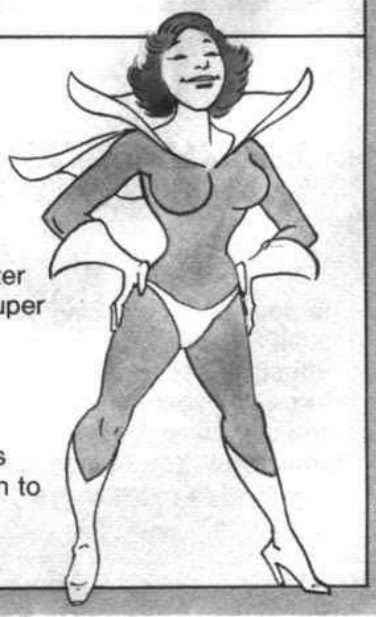
Lady Satin has long advocated that women super heroes should dress like females instead of donning the long winter underwear outfits popularized by their male colleagues.

Lady Satin brings haute couture to superdom with this Dior original. The outfit is designed to help her accomplish a most superhuman task—helping Arab playboys spend all of their oil money.

Primrose Maid

models a cheap but attractive ready-to-wear polyester outfit designed for the young super girl just embarking on a crime-fighting career.

With a knowing wink she acknowledged, "This glamorous tight-fitting garment can be worn to teas and to tease!"



A SUPER GIRL NEEDS A RADIO-ACTIVE FRAGRANCE TO PENETRATE A SUPER GUY'S SUPER STRONG DEFENSE.

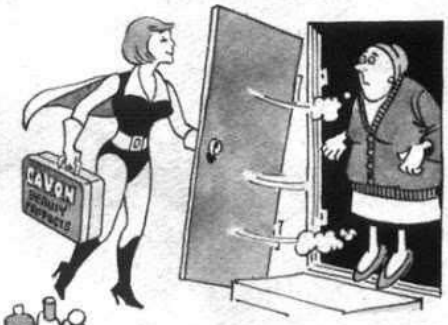
AT LAST A POWERIZED PERFUME TO POW THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED A PART TIME CAREER AS A

GAVON LADY?

HERE'S A CHANCE TO SUPPLEMENT THE MEAGER COMPENSATION YOU RECEIVE FOR YOUR PHILANTHROPIC DEEDS

AS A SUPER FEMALE NO DOOR IS CLOSED TO YOU!



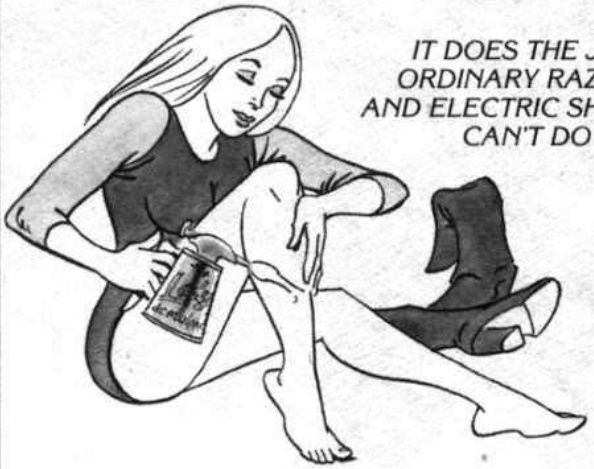
YOUR NATURAL PERSUASIVE ABILITY ALLOWS YOU TO MAKE BIG MONEY WITH OFFERS NO ONE CAN REFUSE

GAVON COSMETICS

INTRODUCING

THE LADY ACETYLENE

THIS UNIQUELY FEMININE BLOW TORCH IS DESIGNED TO RID A SUPER GIRL'S SUPER TOUGH FACIAL AND LEG HAIR.



IT DOES THE JOB ORDINARY RAZORS AND ELECTRIC SHAVERS CAN'T DO

CAN ALSO BE USED TO WARM UP HANDSIES AND TOOTSIES ON THOSE FRIGID POLAR ASSIGNMENTS

AVOID THE INACTIVITY BETWEEN MISSIONS THAT CAN BRING ON UNSIGHTLY POUNDAGE

BLAMO MANHOLE COVERS

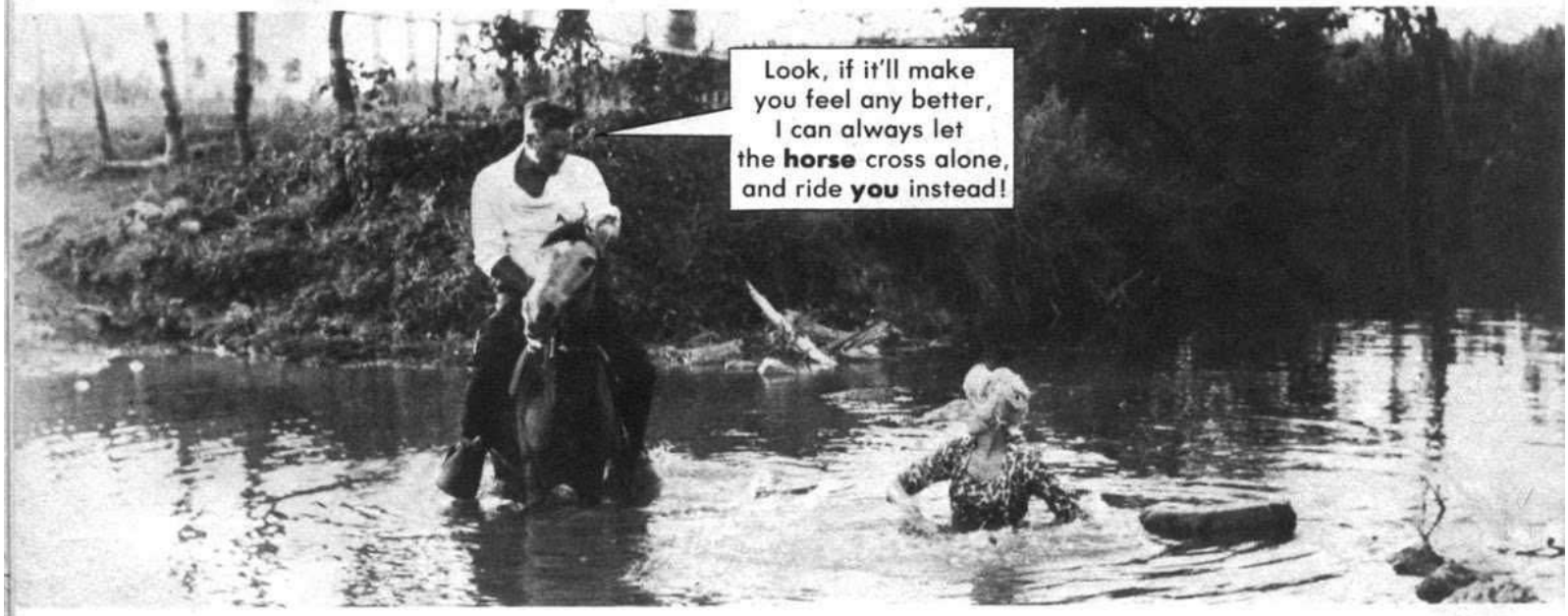
ADDED WEIGHT & SIZE GUARANTEE LONGER FLIGHT

THE ONLY FRISBEE FOR SUPER HEROES

THE CRACKED LENS

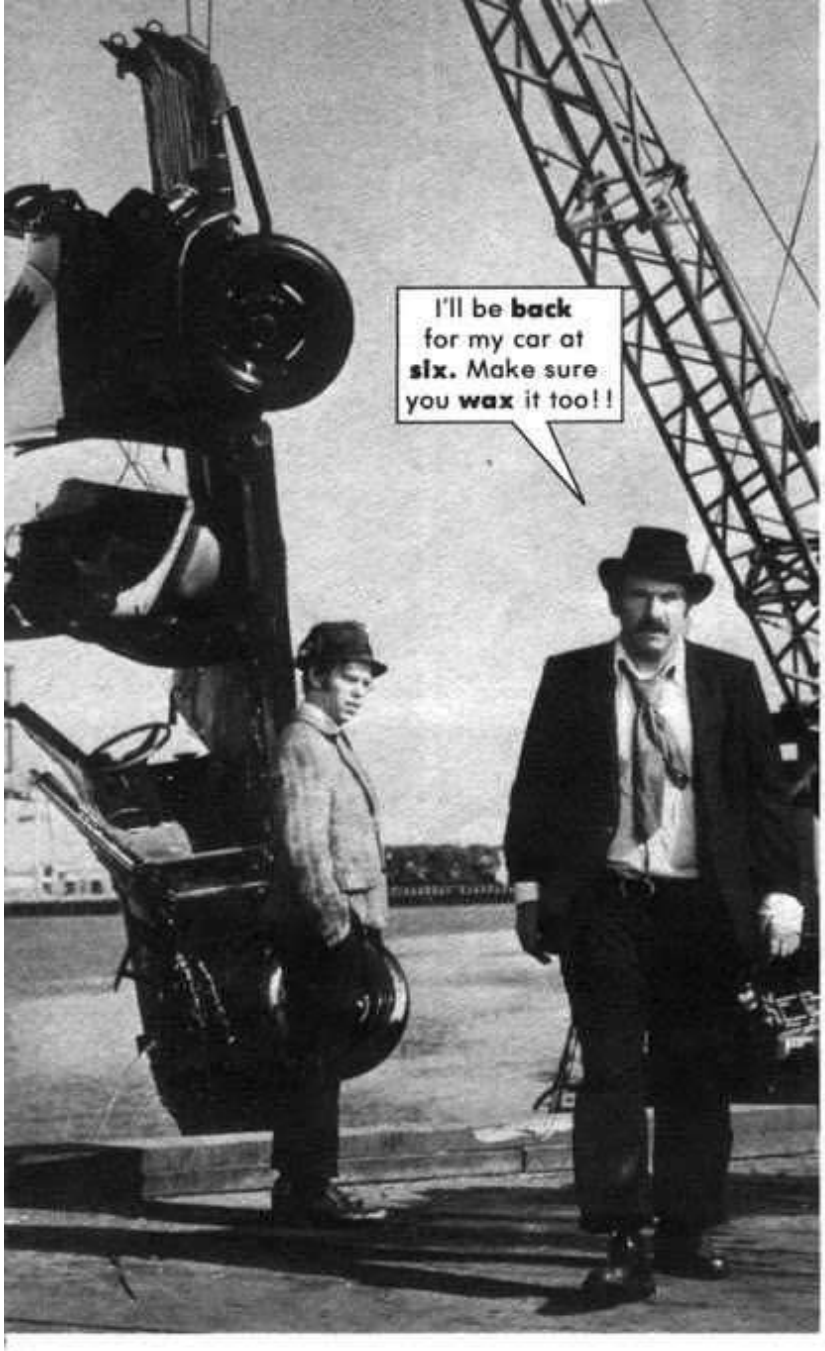
Oh, uh... Hi Mr. Moore. You're **early.** I was uh just seeing how much money we got left in the safe.

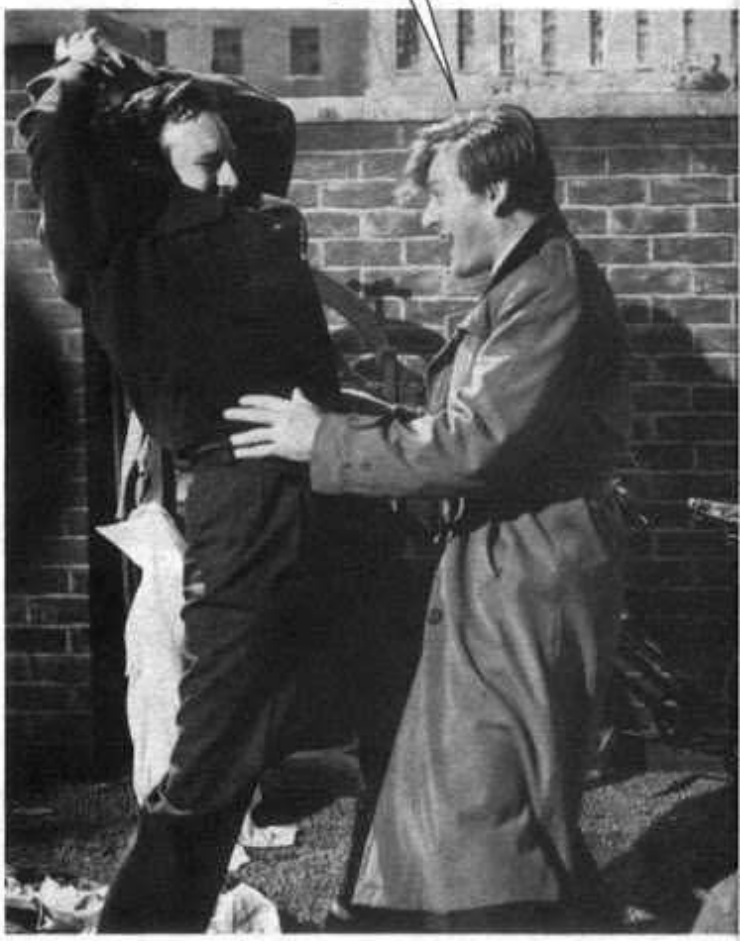
Good grief! And he expects us to believe he isn't **drunk!**


Look, if it'll make you feel any better, I can always let the **horse** cross alone, and ride **you** instead!

By the way, Luke, that is **NOT** the way Roy Rogers rides side-saddle!

That'll teach you to eat out of other people's **trash cans!!**


I'll be **back** for my car at **six.** Make sure you **wax** it too!!


"Gitchy gitchy goo!"

Hey! Where you guys **going?!!** We aren't due in to Chicago for another **ten minutes!**

So what you're **saying,** Mr. Jones, is that New Soft fabric softener hasn't **quite** lived up to your expectations!

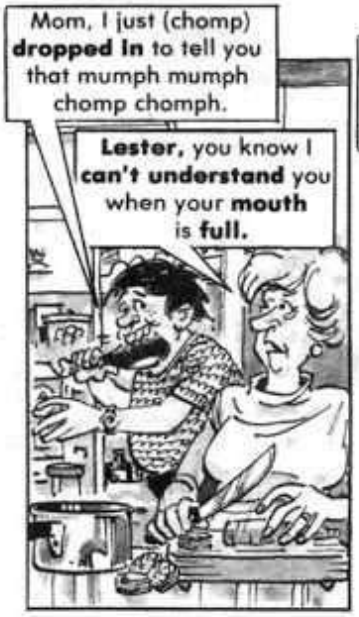
Darn you, Howie! I **told** you to **stop drying** the **dishes** in the **microwave!!**

What do **you** think, Leo. Is all this 'beauty sleep' **really** doing me any good?!!

I **warned** you to stop serving those leftover hamburgers, Pa!

THE CRACKED WOR

LD OF TEENAGERS



I thought you had two really **close** seats.

No.

Can you **move** your **arms?**

Well, you **can't** get much **closer** than that.

He's trying to blow the fuzz out.

How come your father always buys you the most expensive ticket to every rock concert?

He thinks I'm interested in his work. He's a geologist.

I've been **dying** to see **Billy Joel** for so long.

So **that's** why you look so bad tonight.

Why do they call it **rock?**

Because that's what **parents** would love to **throw** at the **person** making the **music.**

Wake up, George, there's no part for a bass saw in this rock number!

Wow! There goes **Mary Jane Wartwhistle** . . . I'd sure like to go out with her.

Why? She ain't **THAT** good lookin'!

And over there, Bobby. . . **Linda Linguini!!** I'd get **"Long Live Italy" tattooed** on my **chest** if she'd just **speak** to me.

I hear her **hair** is **dyed** and her **teeth** are **capped.**

And—**knockout! Ginny Golder!!** Wow!

Didn't they write a **song** about her—"Cow Cow Boogie?"

CRACKED is a crooked dieter who gets caught tipping the scales!

I had to **buy** my tickets from a **scalper.**

But the scalper charged me **$15!!**

Big deal! I had to buy mine from my **brother!**

A **bargain!** To get **mine,** I have to pretend that my **brother** is **human** for a whole month!

This concert is **out of sight!!**

You like it **that much?**

What like? It's **out** of **sight** because I **can't** even **see** the stage from these **crummy seats** you got us!

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!!

PLAY ALL NIGHT!!

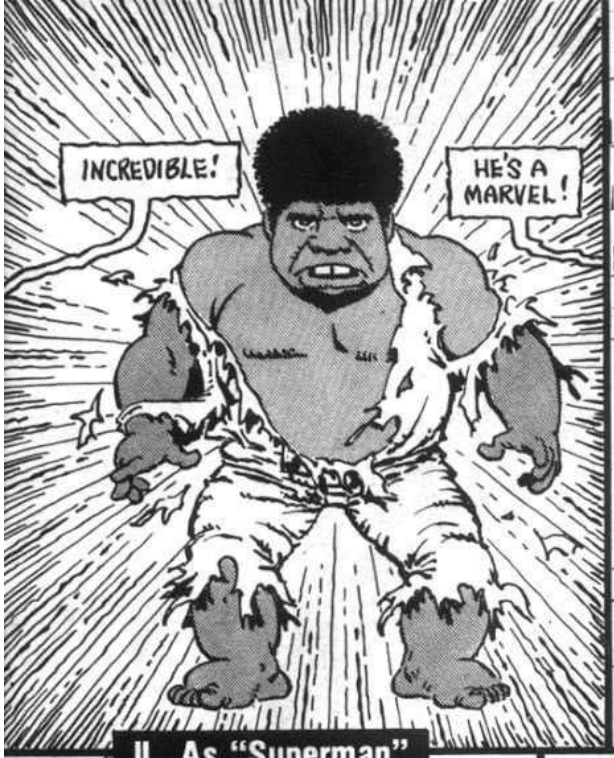
BRILLO'S THE LONGEST LASTING!!

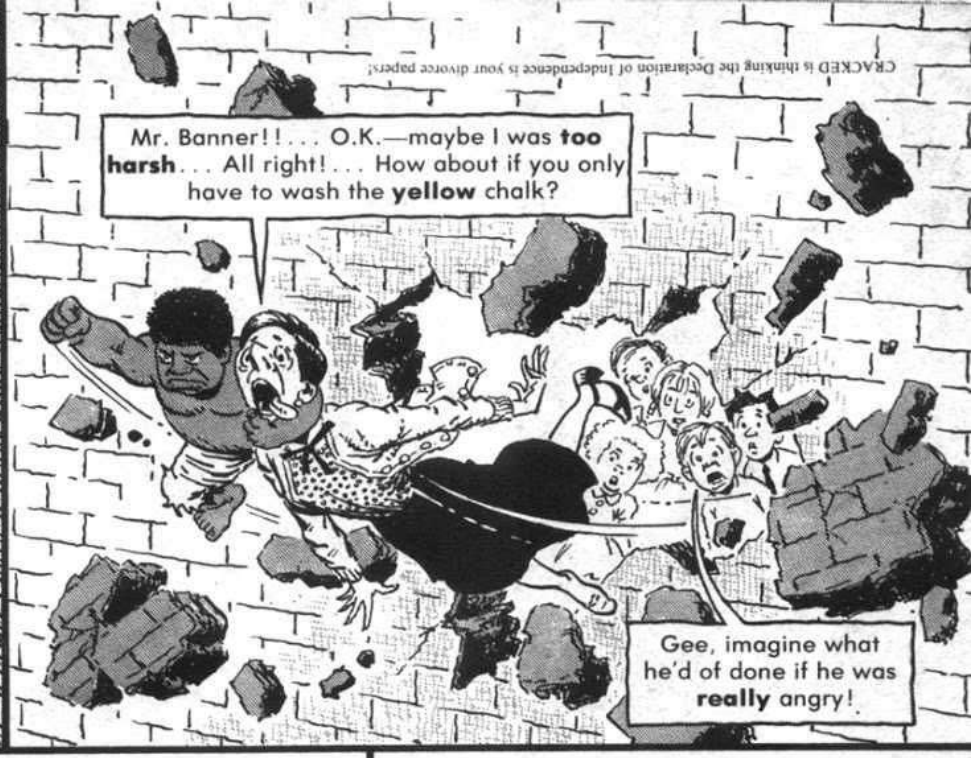
This rock group is really lousy...that's why they play so loud you can't think.

One of the fastest rising stars on TV these days (besides Robin Williams) has got to be that midget in kid's clothing who plays Arnold on "Diff'rent Strokes." Well, we got to thinking (no nasty comments, please) what if "Diff'rent Strokes" hadn't come along? Obviously this talented actor would have ended up in some other show or movie, but... well, enough introducing. Instead, settle back and see what we think would have happened

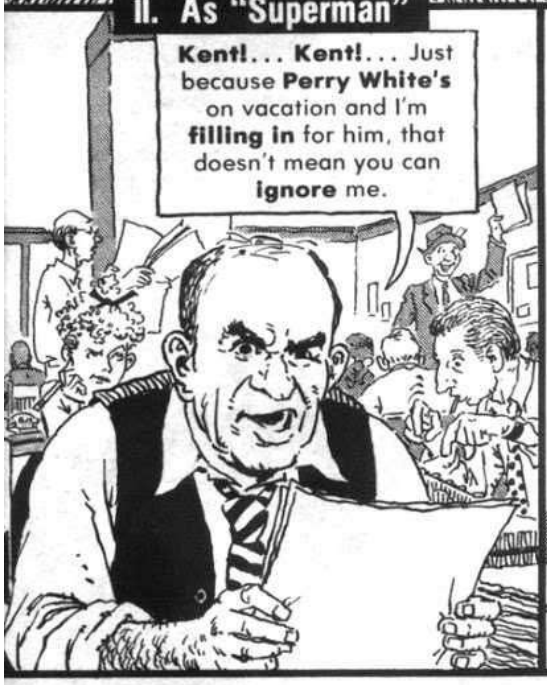
IF GARY COLEMAN PLAYED OTHER PARTS

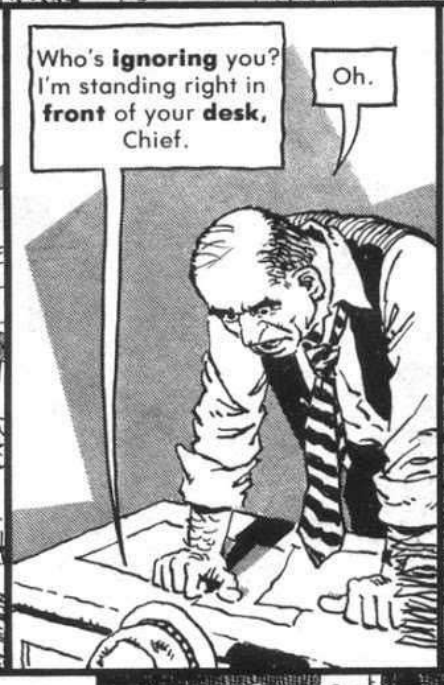
I. As "The Incredible Hulk"





II. As "Superman"

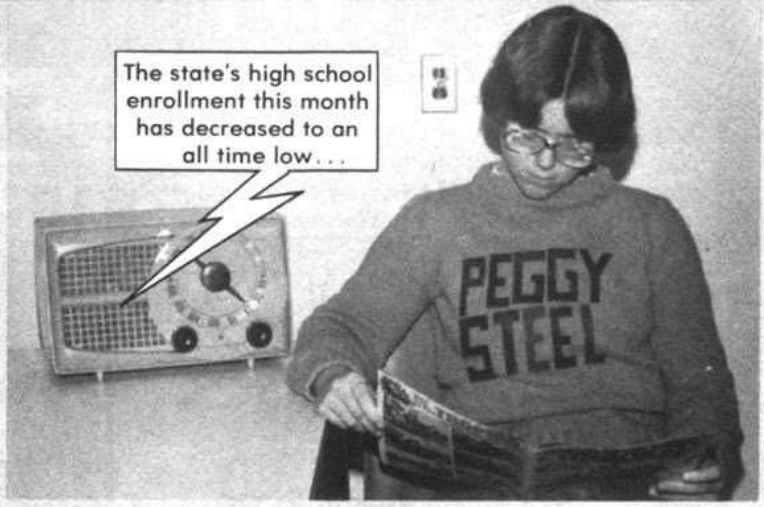




CRACKED is watching a fire hydrant burn to the ground!

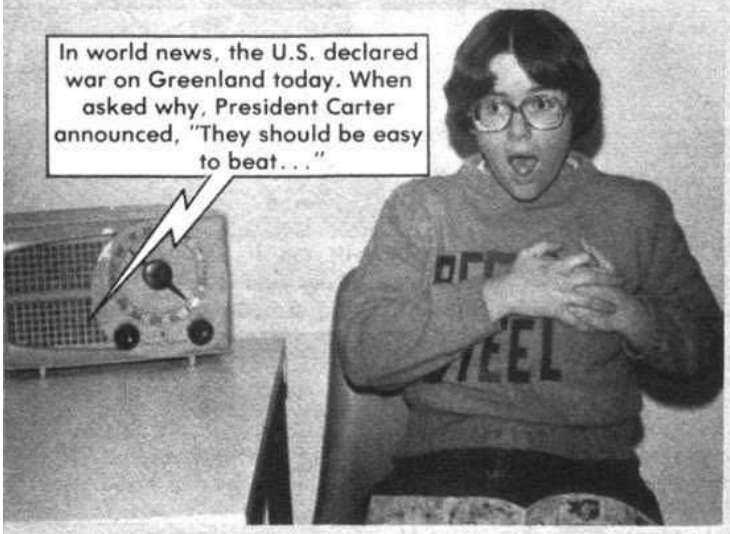
CRACKED is the cemetery worker who made a grave mistake!

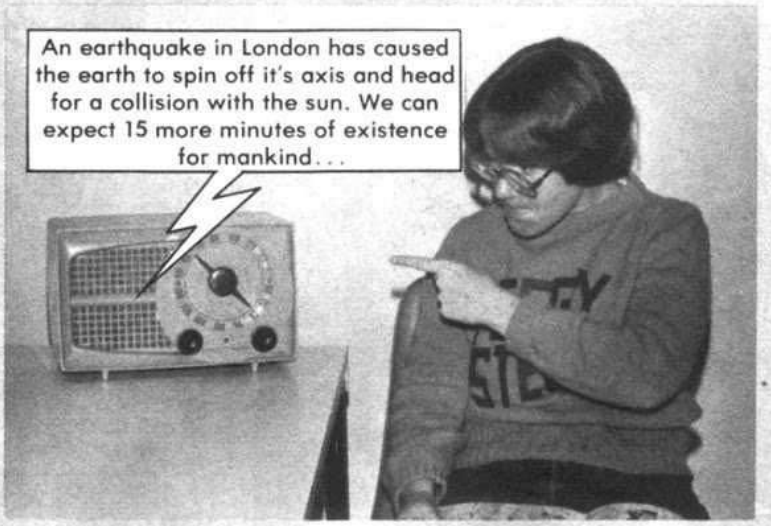
PHOTOON


The state's high school enrollment this month has decreased to an all time low...
PEGGY STEEL

Both inflation and unemployment dropped to zero per cent for the first time today. A gallon of milk now costs fifty cents and gasoline will be given away for free...
PEGGY STEEL

UFO's have landed in Washington. The Lincoln Memorial and Amy Carter have been lost to the aliens.
PEGGY STEEL


In world news, the U.S. declared war on Greenland today. When asked why, President Carter announced, "They should be easy to beat..."


An earthquake in London has caused the earth to spin off it's axis and head for a collision with the sun. We can expect 15 more minutes of existence for mankind...

And in local news, Peggy Steel is a real sap for believing all of this.

And that's the news for tonight. Have a pleasant...ugh... choke...choke...

Over the years there's been much talk about UFO's and whether or not they exist (and if they exist, just what are their present whereabouts). Well, a second sect has developed from this phenomenon containing people who have definitely spotted objects that have been labeled and identified. And, after months of research, we have put together the following report which we now present for your inspection as

CRACKED INVESTIGATES I.F.O.'S

Identified Flying Objects

Our CRACKED team of experts started their investigation of I.F.O.'s at the home of Hester Hugamuffin who, on November 10, 1978 spotted one in her attic.

"It just kept whizzing **past** me," said Hester. "Flying over my head."

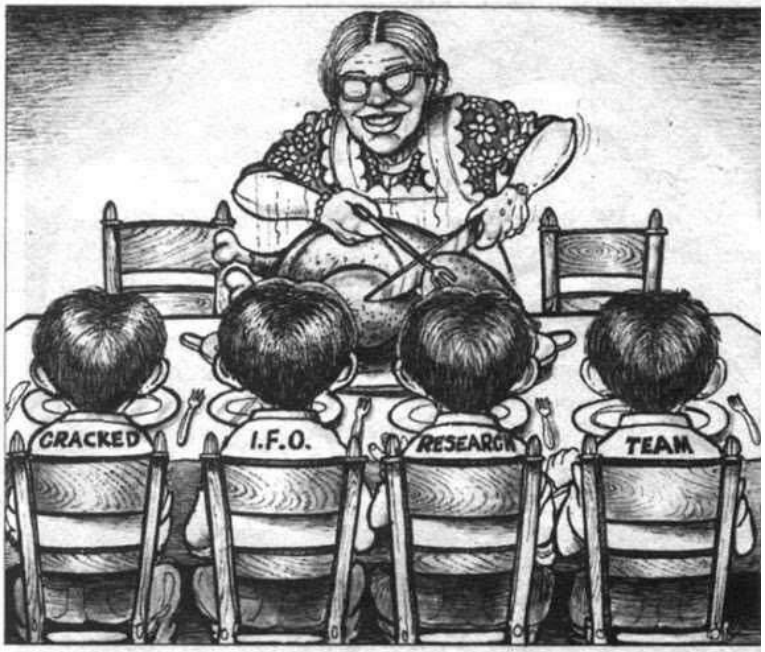
Our experts asked if the I.F.O. contained colored lights or made any sort of sound.

"No. There were no lights. However, it **did** make a **gobble-like** noise."

The I.F.O. was also described as having feathers and claw-like legs.

"It was an experience that I'll **never** forget!"

When asked what finally happened to the I.F.O., Hester just smiled and responded, "No comment" as she and the CRACKED team sat down to a lavish turkey dinner.



HESTER AND CRACKED TEAM SEATED FOR DINNER AFTER INVESTIGATING MRS. HUGAMUFFIN'S GOBBLING I.F.O.

MR. IVAN WORKINHARD CONFRONTING I.F.O. SPOTTED EARLIER BY 78,000 PEOPLE

November 15, 1978—a report was received that Robert Scrutch had spotted a round flying object hurdling past him in the vicinity of the Bronx, N.Y. Unconfirmed reports also state that 78,000 other people had sighted a similar object just seconds earlier.

Said Myra Hoglips, "I believe it originated off the bat of Reggie Jackson, but I'm not **sure**. I had just gotten up to take my son Freebo to the bathroom to wash the **cotton candy** out of his **hair** when I heard a whacking sound followed by throngs of people yelling: 'Over there! It's going . . . it's flying out of the park' . . ."

As to the whereabouts of this I.F.O. now, no one is quite sure, although Mr. Ivan Workinhard has put in a $178 claim for damages done to his windshield by what is believed to be a similar type I.F.O.

Our search for I.F.O.'s continued for some 2 weeks without much new evidence until the evening of December 1, 1978. Ten people spotted a crazed man holding a string and running while an I.F.O. chased after him.

According to one witness, when he stopped running, the I.F.O. would fall from the sky as if ready to pounce on and attack him.

"The I.F.O. must have really **hated** him," said one witness, "because as it fell closer and closer to earth, it kept **wagging** it's **cloth tail** vehemently."

Two hours later, the I.F.O. was gone from the sky and the man, for no explainable reason, was seen having Hungarian food in a nearby restaurant.

During this investigation many tales stunned us, but none was as incredible as that of Mr. Waldo Whackenbush, a retired land mine inspector.

PHOTO OF I.F.O. TAKEN THROUGH PAIR OF BINOCULARS AS CRAFT IS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR BEHIND SOME CLOUDS

Waldo had spotted a huge I.F.O. going over his home in Chicago.

"It was **big** and **silver** and had **red letters** on its side—like a **'T'** and a **'W'** . . . and I think even an **'A'!**"

We pursued the sighting and discovered that 200 other people (all living on the east coast) had sighted a similar craft.

And then, things seemed to get really amazing when the craft is said to have landed without warning in Atlanta, where it took on 31 earthlings using no force whatsoever.

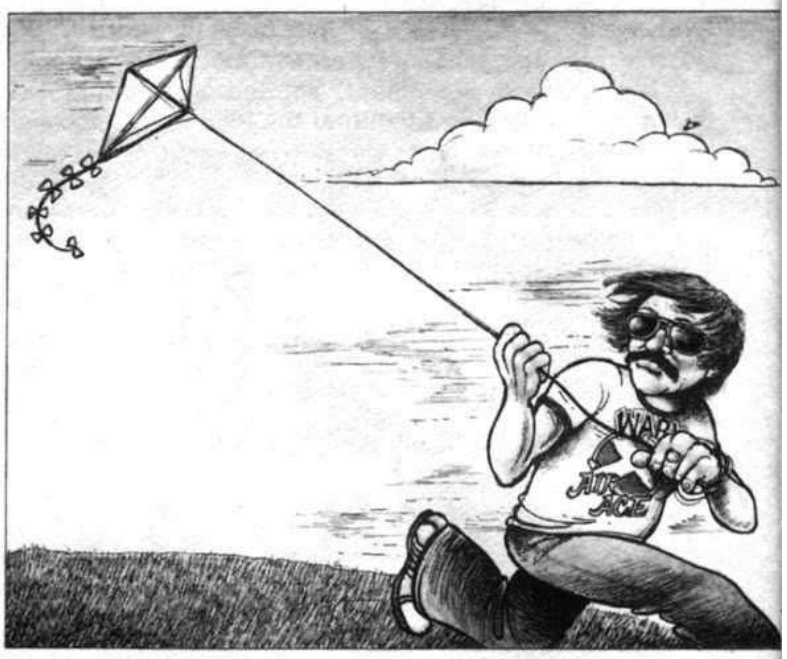
127 other sightings of the same vehicle were reported before the 31 "abducted" passengers were found unharmed in Miami Beach.

When asked what had gone on inside the craft, the CRACKED team was informed that the crew had tried to make them feel at home by showing them John Travolta movies while all were served food on plastic trays.

"Aside from the odd color, the food tasted pretty much like what we're used to here on earth," stated Les Tarr, one of the abducted.

Asked if they had suffered any cruel treatment all stated no, except Mrs. Ida Flong who replied, "**Everything** seemed to be in order except, when I arrived home I realized that my **baggage** was **missing.**"

A list of what was in the bag is now being examined for possible clues.



MAN BEING CHASED BY I.F.O.—TAKEN JUST MINUTES BEFORE OBJECT FELL FROM THE SKY

CRACKED is finding an oyster inside a pearl!

ABDUCTED PASSENGERS ARRIVING IN MIAMI WAITING FOR THE ALIENS TO RETURN THEIR LUGGAGE

December 8, 1978—Tokyo, Japan. A letter is received by the CRACKED team from a Japanese man who writes of a series of I.F.O.'s he had spotted while visiting Clovis, New Mexico, just 11½ days prior.

"**Very strange**," writes the 136-year-old man. "Friends had brought me to a rarge bowl-rike building and told me to sit down chop chop."

"Before me, men were **chasing** other men on a field throwing each other to the **ground** as they tried to run towards sticks in shape of an 'H'. Then, all of a sudden, someone yell '**punt**' and strange-shaped I.F.O. appear in the sky."

"I not know what object is, but think it **not** of friendly nature because as it come in for croser rook at field, all the men **jump** on it trying to **crush** and **kill.**"

Our team is still investigating the incident in Clovis and will report in greater detail in another report.

UNIFORMED MEN TRYING TO CRUSH AND TRAP I.F.O.

ESTER EGG, PHOTOGRAPHED BY HER SON WILEY, JUST MINUTES AFTER HER I.F.O. LANDED

December 15, 1978—While trying to free a member of our research group (who had gotten his toe caught in a motel shower drain), the phone rang begging us to come quick.

It was Mrs. Ester Egg who frantically babbled that an I.F.O. carrying a goggled, earth-like man had landed in her clothesline crushing her lima bean green pants suit.

"I was outside watering the fungus when I saw this yellow dot in the sky. I thought nothing of it when all of a sudden it **burst** open like a big umbrella."

"One minute later, it landed on my clothesline, untangled itself, said 'How ya doin'?' and disappeared!"

Mrs. Egg says she will never forget this incident and plans to tell all to the National Enquirer next month (unless of course the owners of the I.F.O. offer her more not to.)

Also, on December 15, 1978, we were informed that someone had a high-quality film of a low-flying I.F.O.

Racing to the address given us, we were told upon arrival that we must pay $4.00 to see the film.

"But we're **scientists**," we exclaimed!!

"No **tickee**, no **lookee**," was the response.

After surrendering the required fee, we were, admittedly, truly amazed at the evidence that was presented us and concluded that it was one of the best I.F.O.'s brought to our attention.

CRACKED TEAM VIEWING IMPORTANT NEW I.F.O. FILM THAT THEY WERE TIPPED OFF ON

CRACKED is an igloo with central heating!

As our in-depth investigations continued, we also managed to collect other assorted I.F.O. reports along the way, however details on these are sketchy and facts are few.

We received a photo of a dog who supposedly had caught over a dozen I.F.O.'s that he buried in his back yard.

And we also heard of the tale of a man who had caught an I.F.O. between his teeth, but disappeared before anyone could question him about it. Below is a photo taken by Mr. Eric Rungmeister seconds before the victim fled.

And we heard the tale of a couple who survived a whole brigade of I.F.O.'s that attacked the two for nearly 40 minutes before leaving. Their daughter Juanita took the only known photo of the incident.

And lastly, December 24, 1978. As we were disbanding the investigation team (so that all of us could be home with loved ones for Idaho's Big Foot Therapy celebration),reports began coming in by the thousands of an I.F.O. flying over the night sky.

Said one witness, "It was powered by **8** tiny **animal-like creatures!**"

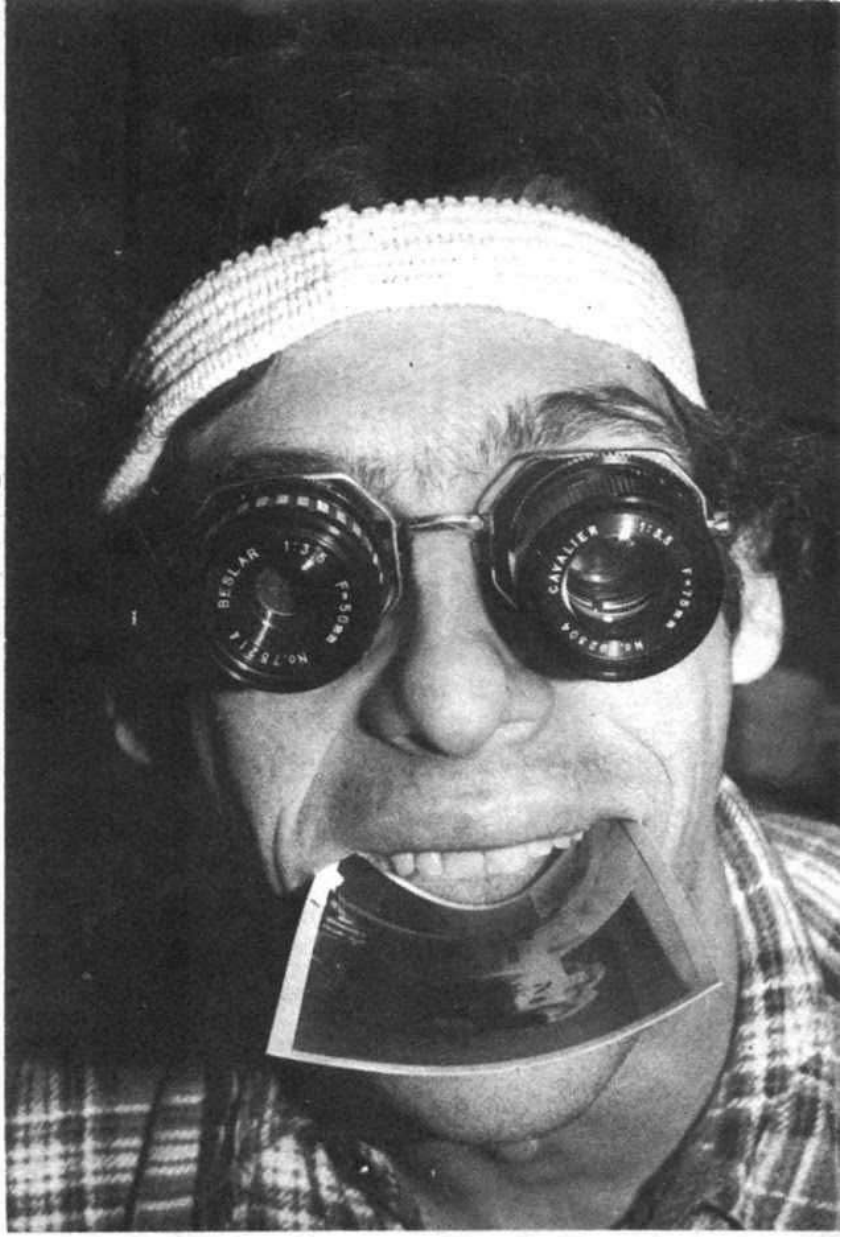
Said another, "The main vehicle they were pulling was huge and had a **red** and **white human**-like **figure** on it!"

And said a third, "It was totally **silent** except for a '**ho ho ho**' sound that it produced as it disappeared."

No photos are available as of this time.

CRACKED is making suitcases without handles, for people who aren't going anywhere!

THE NEW POLOGLOID® NO-STEP CAMERA!!



Are you tired of all those cameras they're coming out with—cameras with electronically controlled exposure and shutter speed settings, fully automatic focusing, and motor drive?

Haven't you had enough of those cameras where all you have to do is aim and shoot?

So have we! Who needs all that work?!! And think of all those great pictures you've missed fumbling with buttons and film!

That's why POLOGLOID® has developed the new No-Step camera. With POLOGLOID® you don't have to aim! You don't have to shoot! Just strap the No-Step to your head and drop the tiny power pack into your pocket. Now, everytime your eyes blink, the stereo lenses automatically photograph whatever you're looking at. The No-Step then develops the picture inside your head and ejects it from your mouth. The XS0007 model will even transmit the finished picture instantly to your wallet, photo album, or pop it right into an envelope and send it on to your relatives!!

And as for film, never again will you have to worry about running out, because every two weeks a representative from POLOGLOID® will visit and change your film cartridges! Now THAT'S care-free picture taking!!

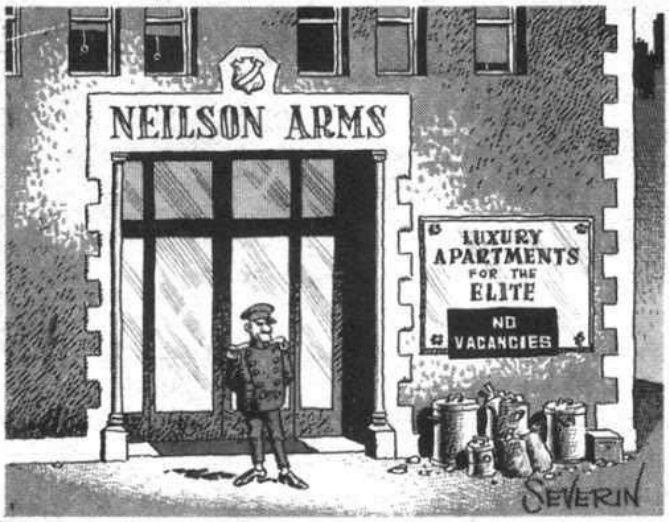
POLOGLOID® NO-STEP— The simple camera for simple people!

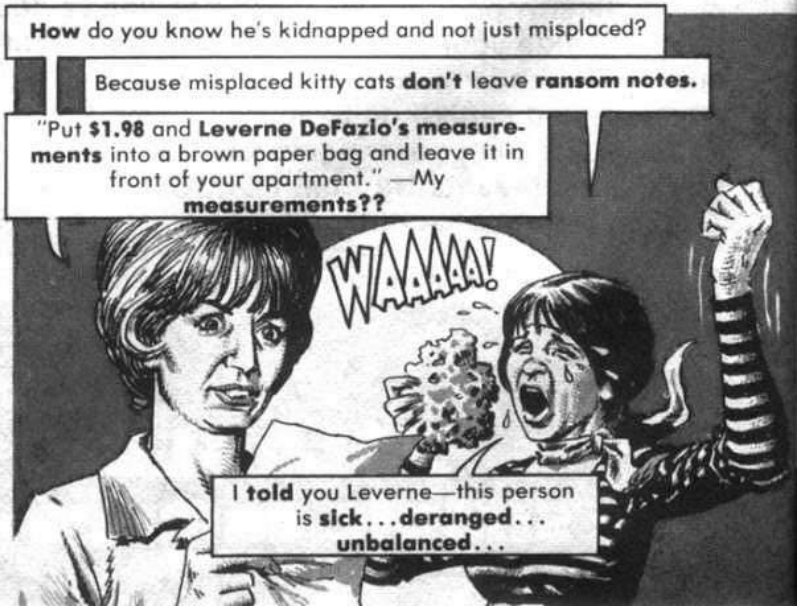
It seems that every eleven months or so, the movies come out with one, huge, super-colassal hit that smashes all existing box office records—and this is fine. However, we were wondering why TV couldn't do the same. Oh, sure, the networks have their ROOTS and other mini-productions, but we're talking about a weekly series that could achieve the highest ratings ever, week after week. Well, since the networks can't seem to do it on their own, we've decided to lend a hand. So, TV executives take note as CRACKED presents

THE GREATEST TV SHOW EVER MADE

Entitled "Life in The Nielson Arms," the series would take place in this building . . .

. . . with a typical episode starting like this:



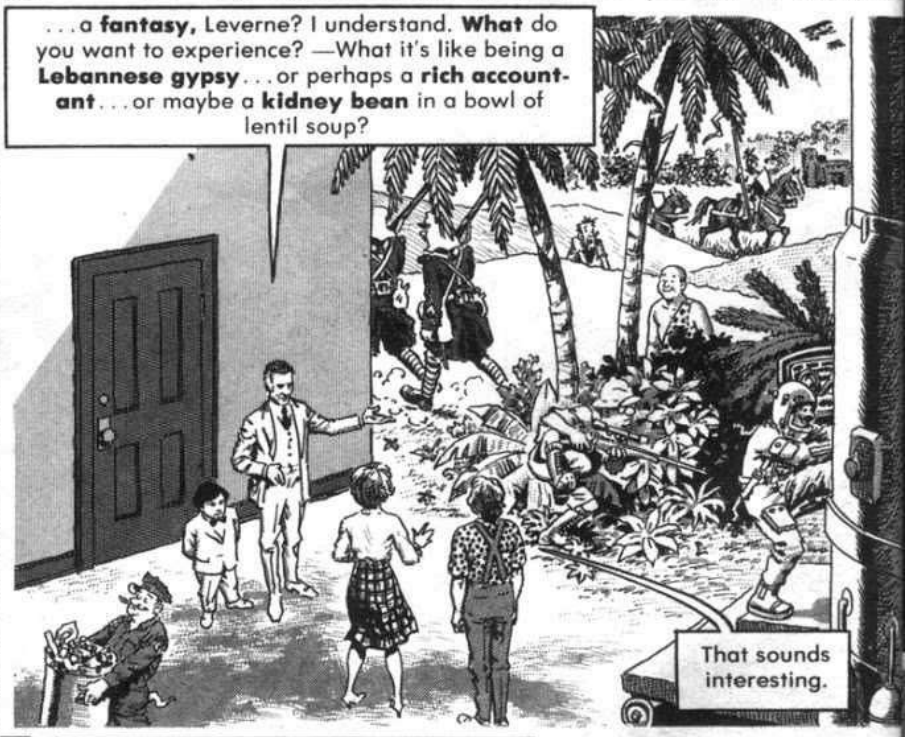


Na nu. Na nu. What's all the noise? I could hear you clearly in my apartment next door using **just** this **glass.**
Boo Boo **kitty** is **gone.**
Is **that** like the **Maltese Falcon?**
It's my **stuffed cat.**
You **overfed** your **kitty?**
Skip it, Mork.
O.K.
Shurl, you relax and I'll ask around the building. Maybe I can find a lead.
You need a **lead?**
Yes.
How about, "The Borough Council met last night to decide whether or not parakeets should be permitted to tap dance on public..."
Not a newspaper lead. A **clue**...a... **forget** it! Come on. You can help me ask around.
Yes?
Ah, Captain Pierce. Sorry to bother you, but do you know where Shurl's Boo Boo kitty is?
No, but if you **hum** a few **bars** maybe I can **fake** it.
I need information on the disappearance—**not** stale jokes.
SMOKING IS GOOD FOR AMERICA!! IT HELPS TO KEEP OUR POPULATION DOWN!
Perhaps if he kept them in the refrigerator; they'd be fresher.
I'm sorry, Leverne, but I don't know a **thing** about Boo Boo.
Thanks Pierce.
One thing, sir. Why **is** it your apartment **looks** the way it does?
MESS TENT
Well, my wife, **Hotpits,** and I lived in Korea for many years and just got to **love** the decor and...uh oh...**enemy planes! Enemy planes!**
RRRRRRR!

RRRRRRRR!
BOMB
BOMB

Ooops. I think Margareta just **crash landed.** I'd better check for **casualties.**
We'll **catch** you later, Hawke.
KRASH!
Nice to have met you, Mrs. Pierce.

OK, Mork. Maybe we'll do better here at...
Yes, Leverne?
Oh, hi Mr. Rogue. I hate to bother you, but we need a...


...a **fantasy,** Leverne? I understand. **What** do you want to experience? —What it's like being a **Lebannese gypsy**...or perhaps a **rich accountant**...or maybe a **kidney bean** in a bowl of lentil soup?
That sounds interesting.

Ah, Mr. Rogue, we'll come back **later** and let you know. Come on Mork.
But that last one sounded **so** good.

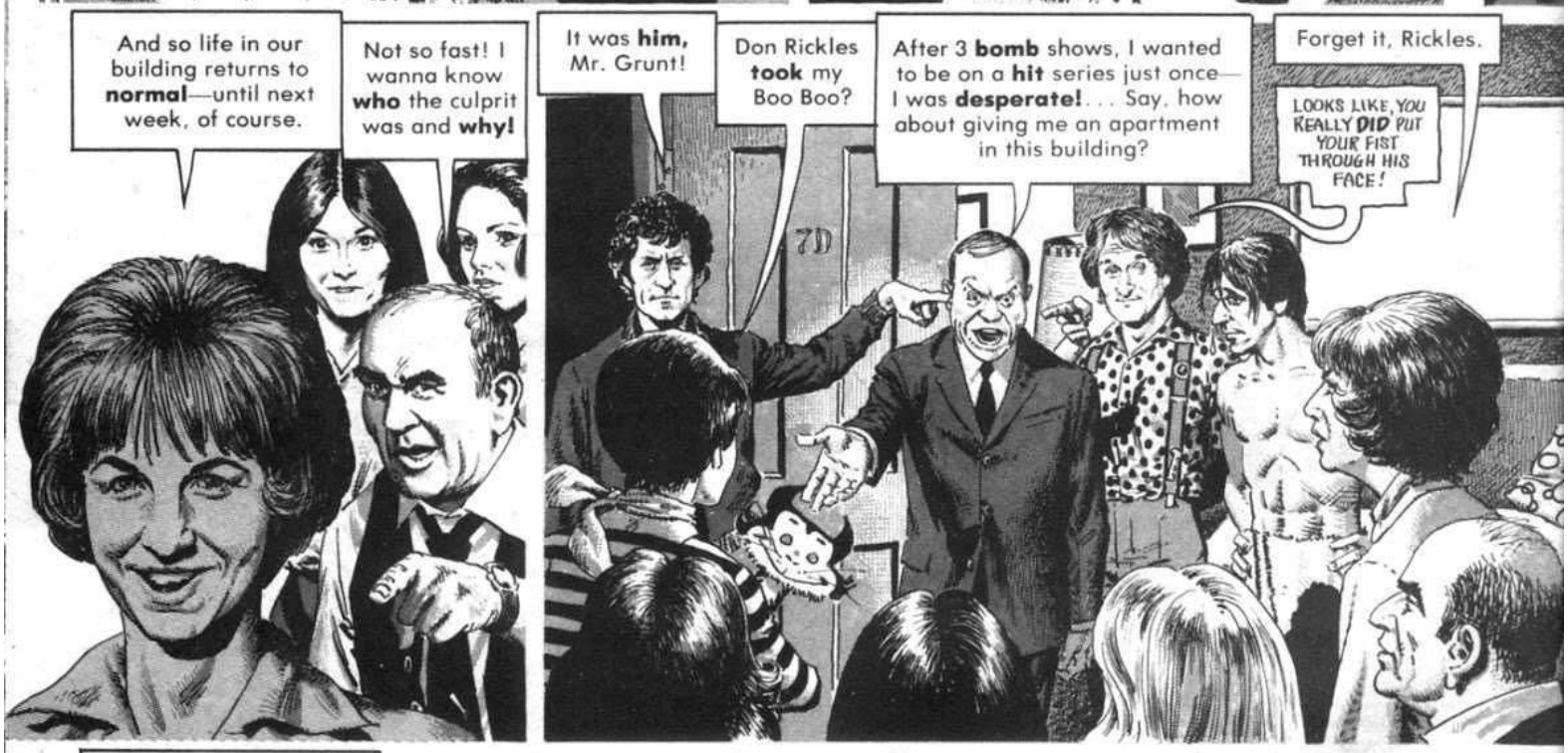
Shurl, I couldn't find anything out for you.
That's OK. Our new neighbors from down the hall came over and offered to help.
What **angels!!**

We know.
What we need is some kind of lead so we can track the guy down.
A man holding Boo Boo kitty just ran into the stairwell!!!
That would be a good lead.
Come on, girls. Let's grab the car in our apartment and chase him!!
Car?
Mork, for a show to achieve the ratings we want, you've got to have at least one car chase every 15 minutes, no matter how lame it is.
Strange custom. I must tell Orsin about this.
There he is!!
THUNKA THUMPA!
THUNKA THUMPA!
Quick, Crisp. He just made a right into the dining room.
Oskar, two cars just drove through your bedroom! Are you all right?
I swear, Feelix. I didn't even know I had them in here.
What's all the excitement?
Somebody stole Shurley Feenamint's Boo Boo kitty and the girls in 32C are after him.
Boo Boo kitty? On my old planet, that was a disease! But if it's important, I have our space ships parked in the garage downstairs. Perhaps we can help.
VROOOM!!
REEEEEEEKK!
VRUM!
VRUM!
SPELING MADE EZ
Starchie, two cars just chased one another down the hall.
That's nice, Edyth. Now where's my sandwich?
But Starchie, don't you wanna know why?
I know why—I'm hungry, Edyth. And if you don't get that sandwich, I'm gonna be chasin' you down the hall.

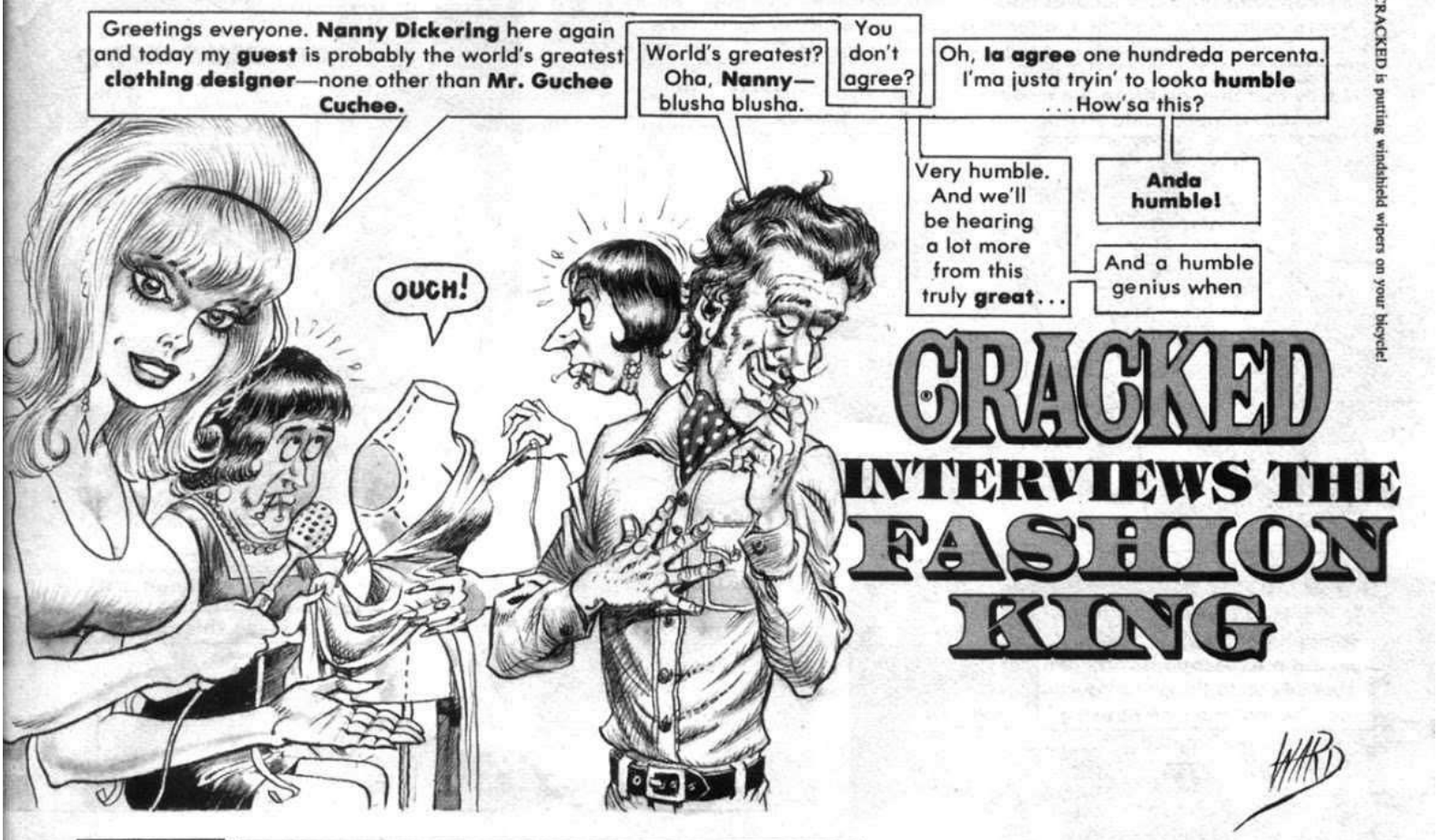
Shurl, Myke Walrus has agreed to take a film crew out into the building and **investigate** the matter for you.
Oh, thank you, Mr. Walrus. I'll even **hold** your **one hour watch** for you while you look.
YOU'D BETTER KEEP THAT AWAY FROM THE DOG!!! IT'S FULL OF TICKS!!
Can you tell me the significance of Boo Boo kitty? Was he involved in **political corruption**...or **bilking** the **public.**
Not **exactly.** You see...
Shurl can't go to **sleep** without Boo Boo kitty's whiskers **tickling** her **chin.**
SNIFF!
Well, it's not **exactly** the type of story I was used to on 61 Minutes, but... What the hay!
K-TUNG!
Fighter One. **State** your **position.**
I'm cruising at an altitude of 8 feet down the 5th floor hallway.
ZOOOOO
Do you see anything unusual?
No. The same old thing...
...**Vinknee Barborino** trying to get a **date**—this time with **Barbar Rumano!**
Come on Barbar!
Vinknee, you **shouldn't** go out this Saturday night. Feeling your **forehead,** I think you've got a **fever.**
That's **why** I need a date.
JOIN THE CRUSADE AGAINST METRICS
WE DON'T WANT NO FOREIGN RULER!

Boo Boo was **such** a good friend, Aluce.
Relax, Shurl. Let me **fix** you a cup of **coffee.**
Like the **kind** you used to make at that **diner** you worked in?
Yeah.
SNIFF! SNIFF!
Forget it. I'm **depressed, not** suicidal!
Alpo, **what is** your position now?...Alpo! ...Come in!
Shelactica, I'm down in **front** of apartment 15C...I **crashed** with Mork's spacecraft! ...Quick!...
...bring over a huge **frying pan** and we'll have the **biggest** omelette you've **ever** seen.
BLECH!
My **egg-shaped ship**...**ruined!** What will **Orsin** say... Didn't you know that this was a **one-way** hall!
Make a **left!** ...Now a **right!**...Now a...
Wait! He's **stopping** and **climbing** down the building's chimney.
SKREEEEE
NO HANDBALL PLAYING
Leverne, what am I going to **do** without Boo Boo?
Maybe you can **adopt.**
It **wouldn't** be the same.
SOB! CRY! CRY!
WAAA! SOB! CRY! AND BOO HOO!
FIRE

Miss Feenamint, I **present** you with Boo Boo kitty.
Oh, Funzie! How are you...?
7D
I was **taking** a shower when the **perpetrator** ran by and, despite my absence of a proper amount of clothes, I put my **fist** through his **face** and stopped him.
Oh, thank you.


And so life in our building returns to **normal**—until next week, of course.
Not so fast! I wanna know **who** the culprit was and **why!**
It was **him,** Mr. Grunt!
Don Rickles **took** my Boo Boo?
After 3 **bomb** shows, I wanted to be on a **hit** series just once—I was **desperate!**... Say, how about giving me an apartment in this building?
Forget it, Rickles.
LOOKS LIKE, YOU REALLY **DID** PUT YOUR FIST THROUGH HIS FACE!
7D

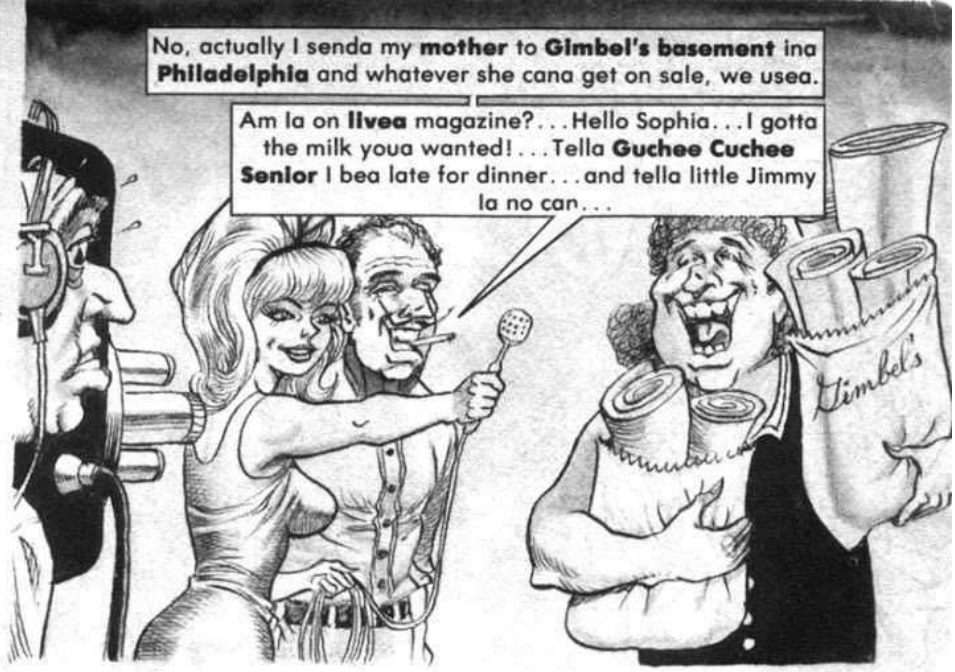
This building is **only** for families who made the **Nielson Top 20.**
I'll **fight** this. I'll **take** this to **H.U.D.** and the **Supreme Court.** That's **segregation!!!**
No, Don...
...That's **show biz!!**
TH'END



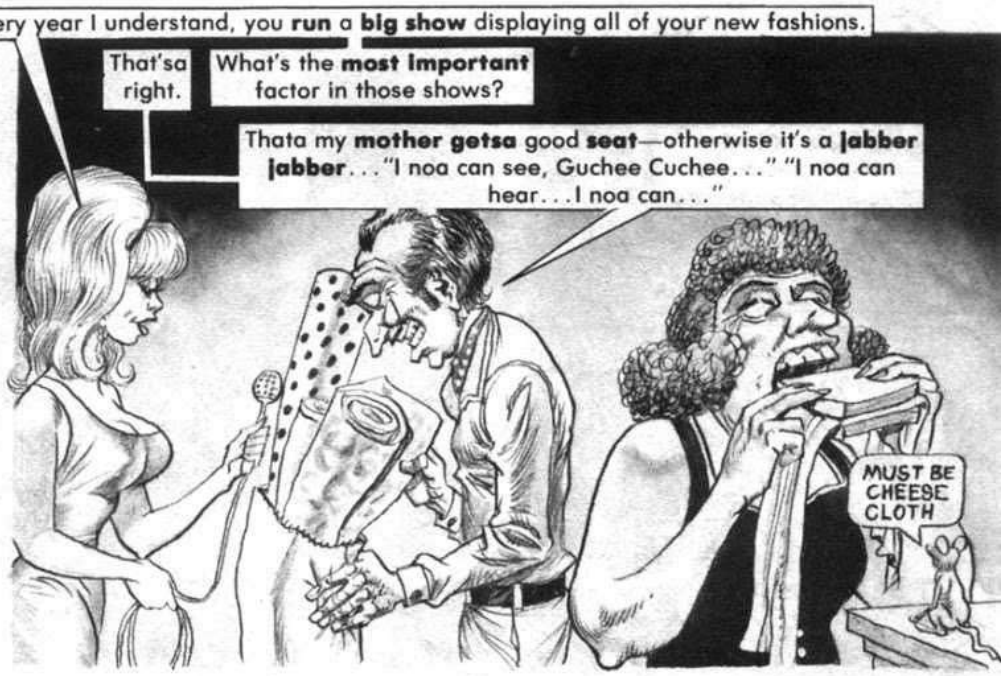
CRACKED is putting windshield wipers on your bicycle!

CRACKED is thinking that a gas stove is an oven with indigestion!
Ia **wrappeda** the material **arounda** my **assistant** likea so—thisa way he **heara** everything. And then, after they **usea** the material, he'sa **free** to come back and tell me alla their **secrets!**
Mostly that they **no likea** the **material** I send. Mya assistant is still wrapped anda **sitting** ona one of their **shelves.**
And **what** did you find out?
And you **seea** this?
It's a **tiny microphone?**
Youa **blind** interview lady— **she'sa pin!**
Oh.
But I **usea pins** asa **clues.**
They werea **thrown out** by my competitor and by **studying** it under a **microscope**, I can finda **threads** anda things to figure out the materials he'sa using.
Clues?
Clever.
So what you're saying is that you **steal** your competitor's **garbage** and study it for clues.
That'sa right. Alla his garbage is ina **this room** here.
GARBAGE DEPT.
What a **smell!!!**
Yes, but the **things** you finda!
This material **swatch** tells you that he's working in **taffeta**—and this **half** of **corned beef** sandwich all carefully wrapped. . . I wonder what **that** means?
It means I don't gotta **buya** lunch tomorrow!

How do you **determine** the **fabrics** that you use?
It'sa very **hard process.**
You send **buyers** to the **fabric mills** around the world to pick out the very best?
FASHION
PLATE


No, actually I senda my **mother** to **Gimbel's basement** ina **Philadelphia** and whatever she cana get on sale, we usea.
Am Ia on **livea** magazine?...Hello Sophia...I gotta the milk youa wanted!...Tella **Guchee Cuchee Senior** I bea late for dinner...and tella little Jimmy Ia no can...
Gimbel's

A, **ma!**
Wha?
SHUTA YOUR FACE!


Every year I understand, you **run** a **big show** displaying all of your new fashions.
That'sa right.
What's the **most important** factor in those shows?
Thata my **mother getsa** good **seat**—otherwise it's a **jabber jabber**..."I noa can see, Guchee Cuchee..." "I noa can hear...I noa can..."
MUST BE CHEESE CLOTH

Yes, but I heard that it was the **models.** That they must be...
A **bella**...**beautiful**...and **thin.** In facta, **Gloria!** —comea here!

She'sa my **besta** model.
She **is** thin.
And she's a **greata girl** to **takea** to **dinner**...she hasa very stricta **diet.**
What's she eat?
A-**nothin'!**

These **clothes** are, of course, all **designer originals** that go for 3, 4 and even **5 thousand dollars.**

That'sa true.

But what about the **average** consumer?

Fora him I makea **copies.**

And **how** is that done?

With a **Xerox machine.**

TODAY'S SPECIAL- ONE BUCK

XEROX

And you also make **suits** for men selling at $450?

That'sa right.

Why are they so much?

Because **la** design them and then they **area handmade.**

Someone **sits** there and **sews** each suit?

Noa silly!

AFTERNOON SUIT

EVENING SUIT

LAW SUIT

ANDY HAND!...He **pusha** the button on the **machine** each morning. Thisa way I can saya that...

...they're **HAND MADE.**

GUYS WITH LONG HAIR BEWARE

ON

It's been said that **top designers**, such as yourself, keep the public buying by drastically **redesigning clothing** so that everything in one's closet becomes **obsolete** after only one **year!**

That'sa not true!

You **don't** change **hemlines** and **collar sizes** once a year?

No!

I apologize.

I doa it every **six months!**

I'll just let the jacket out a little more and it'll be a perfect fit.

SEE... FITS GOOD IN FRONT

Can we see some of the **Guchee Cuchee** designs for **1980?**

Whata if my **competition** isa reading this? You think I'ma dumb!??

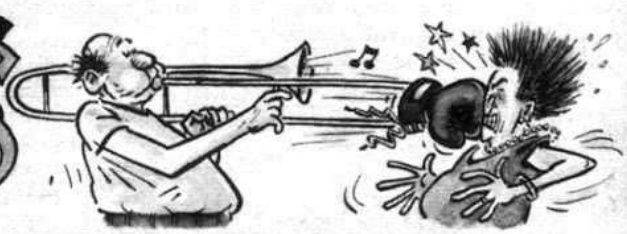
Well, perhaps we could ask them to **close** their **eyes** for the next few panels.

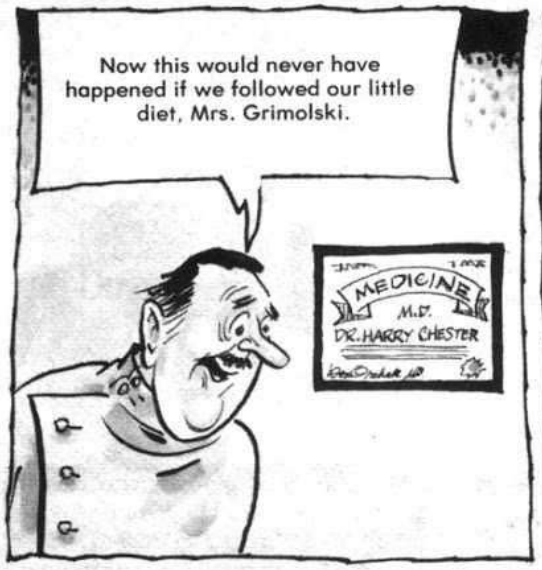
Oh!...OK.

DO NOT ENTER- DESIGNS FOR 1980 TOP A SECRET

CRACKED is a unicycle built for two!

SHUT-UPS




Now this would never have happened if we followed our little diet, Mrs. Grimolski.
MEDICINE
M.D.
DR. HARRY CHESTER

SHUT-UP! Don't blame me for breaking your cheap scale!!

We postmen are a dedicated lot, Mrs. Kowhalli...why nothing deters us from our appointed rounds; snow, sleet, hail...nor the dead of winter...

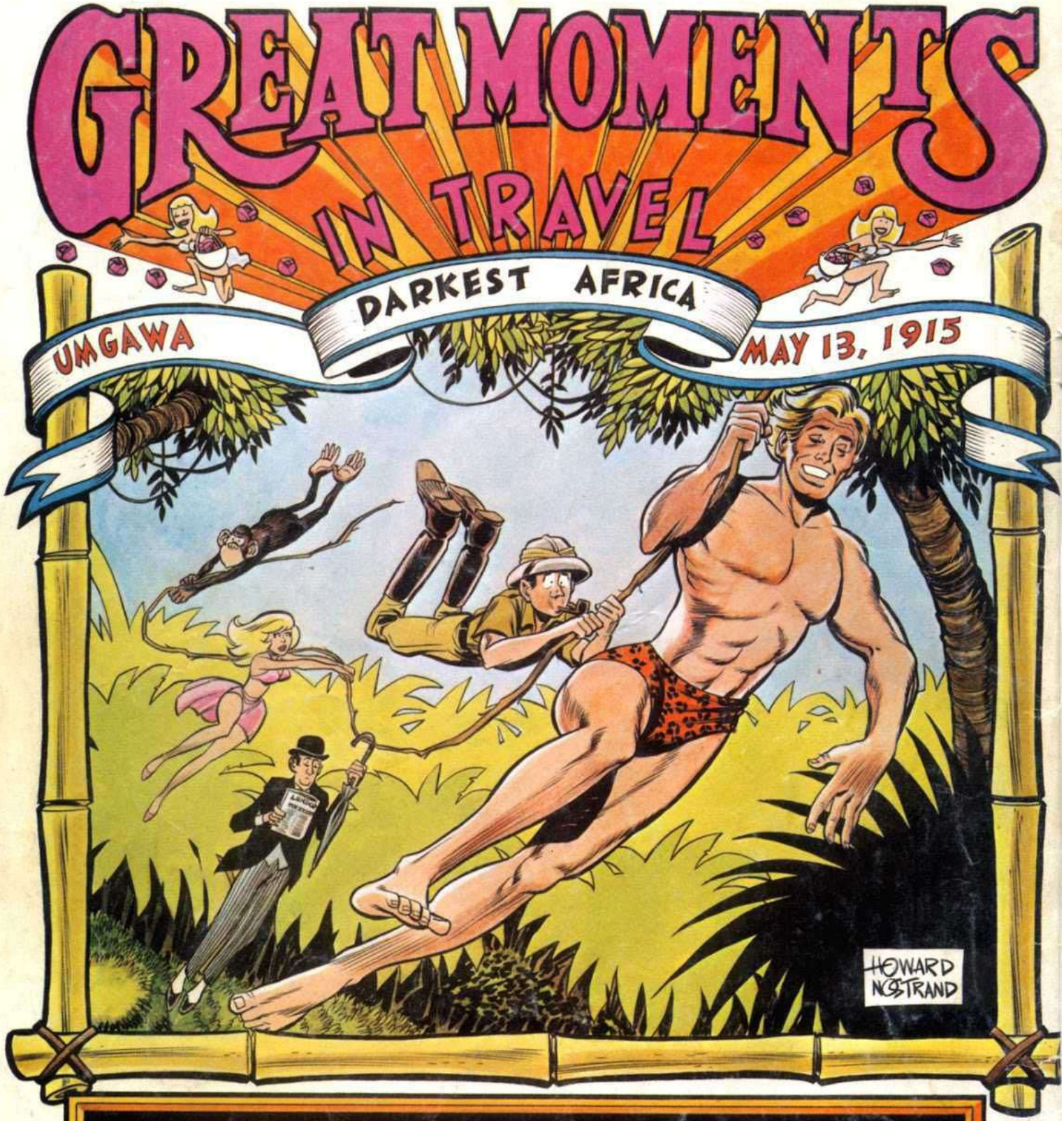
SHUT-UP! When has it ever gone below 120° on this island?
U.S. MAIL

All my life I wanted to be able to play the harp...now I can sing and play...

SHUT-UP! When you're here as long as I've been here, you'll wish you'd never heard of the harp!
DON OREHEK

ALWAYS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT, WE HAVE CONVENIENTLY PROVIDED A BOX FOR YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND YOUR COMPLAINTS.

PLEASE PRINT YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND COMPLAINTS HERE.
THANK YOU.



RALPH WALDO TARZINSKI INVENTS MASS TRANSPORTATION